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SPANISH BALLADS, BY JOSEPH SNOW.

THE CID.—No. I.

[These ballads are the basis of all that has been said or sung on the subject of the Cid in modern days. They are given by Corneille, in the preface to his tragedy of that name: and are introduced here, because the translator, after a diligent search through the works of Southey, Lockhart, and others, could find no trace of any English version of them being in existence.]

Low before the king of Leon,
 Fair Ximena sadly stands,
 For the murder of her father,
 Seeking justice at his hands,
 Praying that he might avenge her
 On Rodrigo de Bevar,
 Who, a helpless orphan, left her
 With the cruel world to war.
 " Well thou knowest, mighty monarch,
 " Truth and right are on my side ;
 " Well, that where dwells stainless honour,
 " Fleeting falsehood may not bide.
 " Each returning morn, at day-break,
 " To increase my grief and ire,
 " Caracolled to my casement,
 " Comes the slayer of my sire.
 " Oh ! good king, I pray forbid him
 " Thus to haunt my lonely home ;
 " Tell him that 'tis most unknighly
 " Braving woman thus to come.
 " If my sire his sire offended,
 " Well for that mischance he paid ;
 " Unavenged he, blood-stained, slumbers
 " In the dark grave lowly laid.
 " Subject leal of thine that sire was,
 " Thou'rt my sole protector—all ;
 " Who, methinks, in aught ay grieves me,
 " On him should thy vengeance fall."
 " Cease, I prithee, sweet Ximena ;"
 " Thus the monarch, troubled, spake,
 " Full amends for all thy evils,
 " He who injured thee shall make.
 " Punish my brave Cid I cannot,
 " His great deeds too high I prize ;
 " Oft my realms he has defended,
 " His power, too, I may not despise.
 " But I'll make with thee a compact,
 " One I know will like thee well :
 " 'Tis that thee he wed immediate,
 " With thee, ay, in peace to dwell."
 Right content was fair Ximena
 With the monarch's wise award ;
 And the hand that orphan made her,
 Soon will be her surest guard.

Twilight.

No. II.

To Rodrigo and Ximena
 Gave his regal word the king;
 And by Layn Calvo, soon they
 Bound were by the nuptial ring.

Much rejoiced that happy couple,
 Erst such bitter enemies;
 But when love is overflowing,
 Rankling recollection flies.

Now are linked that bride and bridegroom,
 Now they're one, both hands and hearts;
 When to her, with troubled visage,
 The brave Cid thus his soul imparts:—

"Sweetest love, I slew thy father,
 "But I slew him openly;
 "My own life I fairly perilled,
 "In the strife 'twixt him and me.

"A knight he was,—a knight I give thee,
 "Here at thy least hest I stand;
 "And instead of thy dead father,
 "Spouse devoted you command."

Loud praised all his deep discretion,
 Each its force could fully feel;
 And so finished the fair nuptials
 Of Rodrigo of Castile.

Cork, June, 1830.

TWILIGHT.

Though many say they ne'er can meet
 A summer hour that's half so sweet,
 As when at eve the failing light
 So softly floats 'twixt day and night,
 It never came but heav'd my breast
 With feelings not to be exprest;
 Then oft with tears has fill'd mine eye,
 My words oft ended in a sigh,
 And still to me that light has brought
 A likeness to the hour so fraught
 E'en to the strongest minds, with dread,
 When 'tween the living and the dead
 Hovers the soul, ere yet its flight
 It wings into eternal night;
 Like twilight seems to me the strife
 That Nature holds 'twixt death and life;
 The dew seems tears from unseen eyes,
 And every breeze seems fraught with sighs.

M^{rs} S.